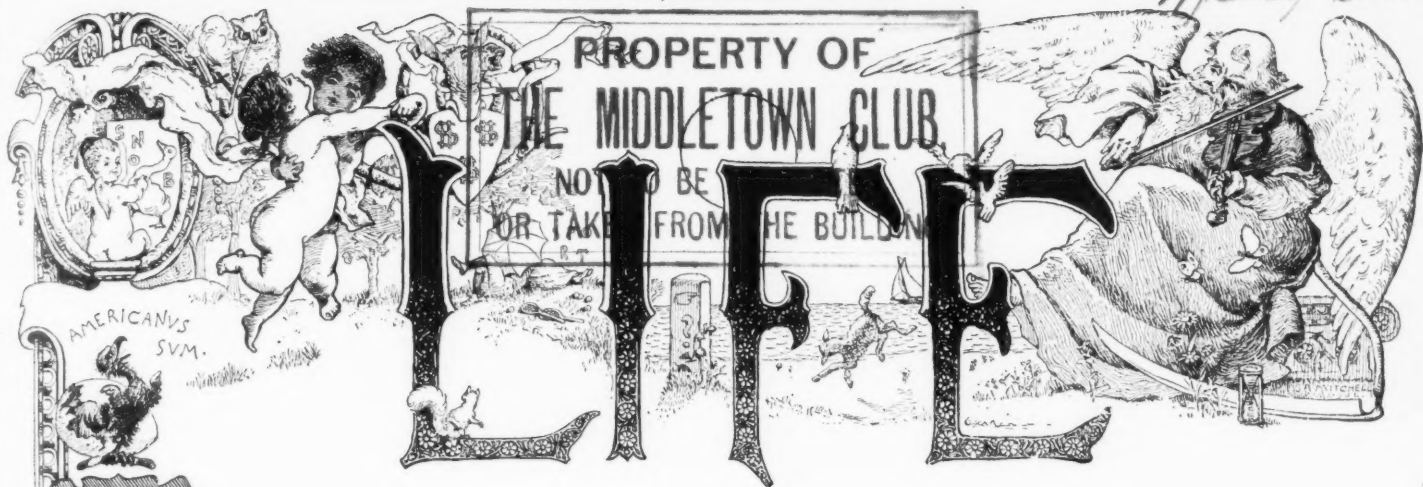


Mildred



NEW VERSION—BY THE AMERICAN GIRL.
"RICH MAN, RICHER MAN, WALL STREET CHIEF,
MAGNATE, GRAFTER, WHOLESALE THIEF."

YOUR FACE

is too valuable to risk in experimenting with inferior articles. Insist on

Williams' Shaving Stick



"The only kind that won't smart and dry on the face."

Send 4 Cents in Stamps for Trial Stick

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With oysters you want a crisp, appetizing cracker.

Brownsville Water Crackers

"The Cracker that has Brownsville on it" are unique.

You ought to know that a cracker with Brownsville on it gives character to your dinner.

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If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, express prepaid, or two pounds for 50 cents, express prepaid.

Hydrozone

will instantly allay the irritation and subdue the inflammation caused by

Sunburn, Poison Oak, Prickly Heat, Water Blisters, Nettle Rash, Sea Nettles, Red Bugs, Mosquitoes, Sand Flies, Deer Flies, etc.

A prominent American physician states: "We have in **HYDROZONE** an exceptionally successful remedy for the relief of Rhus (Poison Ivy) poisoning, a single application being sufficient to convince the most skeptical. It should be applied freely, at intervals of two to four hours. Usually in less than twenty-four hours the inflammation will be fully under control."

Preparations bearing similar names are concoctions containing only water, oil of vitriol, sulphurous acid and inert impurities. Nascent Oxygen (near to the condition of Ozone) is the only healing agent contained in **HYDROZONE**.

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A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE should prove to the most skeptical the healing properties of **Hydrozone**.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
Established 1840
ABERDEEN

"Liqueur Scotch Whisky"

"Three Star Whisky"

These whiskies are guaranteed to be absolutely pure, old and mellow.

Distilled, matured, and bottled in the Highlands of Scotland under Government inspection.

REPRESENTED IN THE U. S. BY } E. LAMONTAGNE & SONS
45 Beaver St., New York

LIFE



NO ADMITTANCE.

Merger.



THE apotheosis of General Leonard Wood would not only please the Administration and vindicate the republic against the charge of ingratitude. It would be a gain for Olympus, as well. A combination deity to take over the functions of Mars and Æsculapius would be distinctly in the line of retrenchment and reform, and if the business of two gods did not fill all the General's time, he could help Jupiter with his thunderbolts, or Minerva with her sums.

Our Grand Central Depew.

HOW have our mighty fallen! What can be the matter when our modern Champion Of Politics and After-Dinner-Fun Drops from a bough of his old Chestnut Tree, Whence, for long years, industriously he Has tossed us many times a wormy one— Proverb and Poem, Platitude and Pun,— Saying at Seventy, "No more for me!"

Jester and Senator, in either rôle
Always "Our Chauncey of the Silver
Tongue";
Director, too, of—Heaven bless your soul!—
Of Countless Corporations, old and young;
To think that he should slip into the hole
Whereof he once was happy as the bung!

Christianity and Power.

"Christian nations dominate the world."
—A missionary.

IS it a forest of steeples pointing to heaven that makes nations Christian, or is it rather the practice of doing unto others as they would be done by, not to speak of the practice of turning the other cheek?

If Christian nations were to take their Christianity seriously, what would be the effect on their dominance? And would the title of small heathen nations to their real estate be more or less valid?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVI. AUGUST 31, 1905. No. 1192.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE President, in his Chautauqua speech on August 11th, expounded the Monroe Doctrine as it appears with the accretions that it has picked up since he became President. Originally it was a notice served on Europe to acquire no more lands in South America. It simply said: Hands off the South American countries! Leave them to govern

themselves as they can. The United States will look after those countries to the extent of preserving their territorial integrity.

That was the substance of the old doctrine. The Roosevelt appendix to it is in the nature of a notice to Europe that if any of the South American countries absolutely requires discipline from outside, this country will administer it, and if any South American government refuses to pay the just debts it owes to European nations or their citizens, this country will undertake to collect and pay over such dues.

This new undertaking has been put forward because it seems to the President and his advisers to have become a necessary consequence of the original doctrine. The reasoning is that if the Monroe Doctrine is to hold, and we are to guarantee the territorial integrity of South America, there is less chance of serious trouble if we collect the just dues of Europe from South America, than if each European government sends its own warships to collect its own debts.

This reasoning looks plausible. If accepted, it supplies a new argument for the maintenance of a strong navy. But it is a very serious advance on the

original Monroe Doctrine, and whether the obligations it adds to our national burden will be accepted by the American people is not yet determined.

A good many thoughtful people consider that the Monroe Doctrine has done all the good it ever will do, and that it is time to throw it over and let destiny have its untrammelled way with South America. Colonel Watterson has lately expressed that opinion; some college professors, whose business is to have opinions about such things, take the same view; but the Monroe Doctrine is part of the habitual political creed of too many Americans to die easily. It would take a big wrench to fetch it loose. We are more likely to accept the appendix, if we must, than to give up the doctrine. But the appendix looks mighty troublesome. Our hope for peace and a quiet life has come to be seriously involved in the capacity of such countries as Venezuela and Colombia for orderly and responsible self-government. The Monroe Doctrine ought to last until the South American countries are capable of taking care of themselves. We think it will.



POSSIBLY our faculties are duller than they should be, or maybe it is that our standards of morality in money-getting have been corrupted by long residence in a world where the rules of acquisition are pretty complicated, but we confess inability to understand why there has been such an exceptionally profuse discharge of obloquy upon Senator Depew for his doings in connection with the Equitable Life. The propriety of his accepting an annual retainer of twenty thousand dollars from the Equitable may have been doubtful, especially after he went to the Senate, but he never has had the benefit of the doubt. The loan to the Depew Improvement Company has been charged up against him much more exclusively than was fair. His good offices in getting the salaries of Mr. Alexander and Mr. Hyde increased have been almost as sternly regarded as if he had taken the money for himself. So far as we can see, the Depew of the Equitable is very much the same

sort of handy citizen as the popular Depew that the public has known, and pretty well understood, for forty years past. He is a clever man, remarkable for the readiness of his abilities. He ought not to be Senator from New York; neither ought Platt; but that is not because he has been found out in anything unusually shocking, but because he never measured up to what ought to be the Senatorial standard of the Empire State. But the work of depicting Mr. Depew as a man who has had a spectacular fall from grace seems to us to have been overdone. He never attained to any notable heights of grace. There is much affectation in the eager assumption that he has come a tremendous moral cropper.



WE beg to call the attention of Secretary Wilson to the admirable capacity for reticence which is characteristic of the Japanese. Could he not collect a parcel of them and put them in training to get out the crop reports for his department? The able reticence, which we had lately learned to admire through the impassioned testimony of the American war correspondents, has been under observation again in Portsmouth in a way that has put us all under obligations. The Japanese peace commissioners stipulated that the proceedings of the conference should be private. As a result of their consideration we have been spared a vast amount of unnecessary agitation, and have been able to read the headlines of the long Portsmouth dispatches with grateful confidence that there was not more than five lines of real news in any one of them. We have watched the conference continue, and have known from the fact that it did continue that work was being done. We have been told, briefly, from day to day, that this or that demand was under consideration. Everything else we have been spared, thanks to the Japanese preference for doing business quietly and without assistance from persons not immediately concerned.



SECRETARY TAFT ENJOYS JAPAN.

AUGUST



HOW WE DO LOVE EACH OTHER.



CASSIE CHADWICK PAYS UP.



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.



SNAP-SHOTS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.



RECENT NAVAL MANEUVERS AT PORT ARTHUR.



THE PEACE THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

F.T. RICHARD



AT LIFE'S FARM.

TAKING IT EASY IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

Our Fresh Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,141.47
Margaret Taylor.....	10.00
Tony.....	5.00
Fair given by Katherine W. Smith, age 6; Marjorie G. Smith, age 9; and Char- lotte E. Williams, age 10.....	17.17
From two little boys.....	1.00
Rose D. Laurence.....	3.00
Andrew.....	5.00
J. S.	5.00
	<u>\$5,187.64</u>

ACKNOWLEDGED with thanks:
Package of clothing from Mrs.
Auguste Richard.

Postals from Life's Farm.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

DEAR PARENTS:

We all arrived safely and are enjoying this country very much. I was positive that Flora and I would cry but we have so much fun that we do not even think of it. We have to drink a quart of milk out during the day.

ANNIE.

AUG. 16, 1905

DEAR AUNT.

I like it in the country And I dont feel like

going home again we get every think nice to eat And I hope you will write a answer. We are going get a big bag full apples home.

YOUR HATTIE.

BRANCHVILL CONN. LIFES FARM.

AUGUST 16, 05. LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE.

DEAR MAMMA,

We are having a fine time. It is lovely out here. When we go home we each get a flour bag of apples. every day we go for apples and bring a big wagon full home. We wash ourselves in a brook and we have towel and soap. Excuse the writing as I am cold. send some more money.

Your Daughters,

MARGIE AND HATTIE.

DEAR MOTHER

i will be hom tuesday. i am fat so i cant buton my pance at the bely. plase send me shuse for me.

Your loving son
FREDDY.

AUG. 16, 1905.

DEAR MOTHER

I am well and hope to hear the same from you all. I get all I want here it is a very nice place we have swings and we go bathing every day. We have apple trees and pick how many apples we want every day. I drink three large bowls of milk. Two girls sleep in 1 bed and 4 beds in 1 room We have a very happy time. Please tell me

how Gussie Weiss is getting along. I am very lonesome without her. I send a hundred kisses to everybody. From Sadie.

MISS SADIE NEUFELD

LIFES FARM BRANCHVILL CONNECUTA

Aq-dooG

Please write me very soon.

Modern.

FIRST MOLE: How was the Subway?

SECOND MOLE: Not like the ones that mother used to make.

A Hint.

MR. RICHAMT: How do you like the new clock, Dick? It strikes all the halves and quarters.

DICK HARDUPPE: By George, auntie, I'd like to be that clock for a week or two

That Was All.

“WHAT is the matter with him? Is he all bad?”

“Dear me, no. But his bad traits happen to be out of fashion.”

Our Village.

NEW shingles on the flat-iron building.

Charlie Schwab was in town yesterday. Say, Charlie, are you building any new ships this year?

Several strangers have been seen on Broadway. Business looks good.

Our popular townsman, Chauncey Depew, is back from Europe. Chauncey says the crops were never better. He had a hot old time while he was away, as some of our papers roasted him. Chauncey, you deserved it. We know you of old.

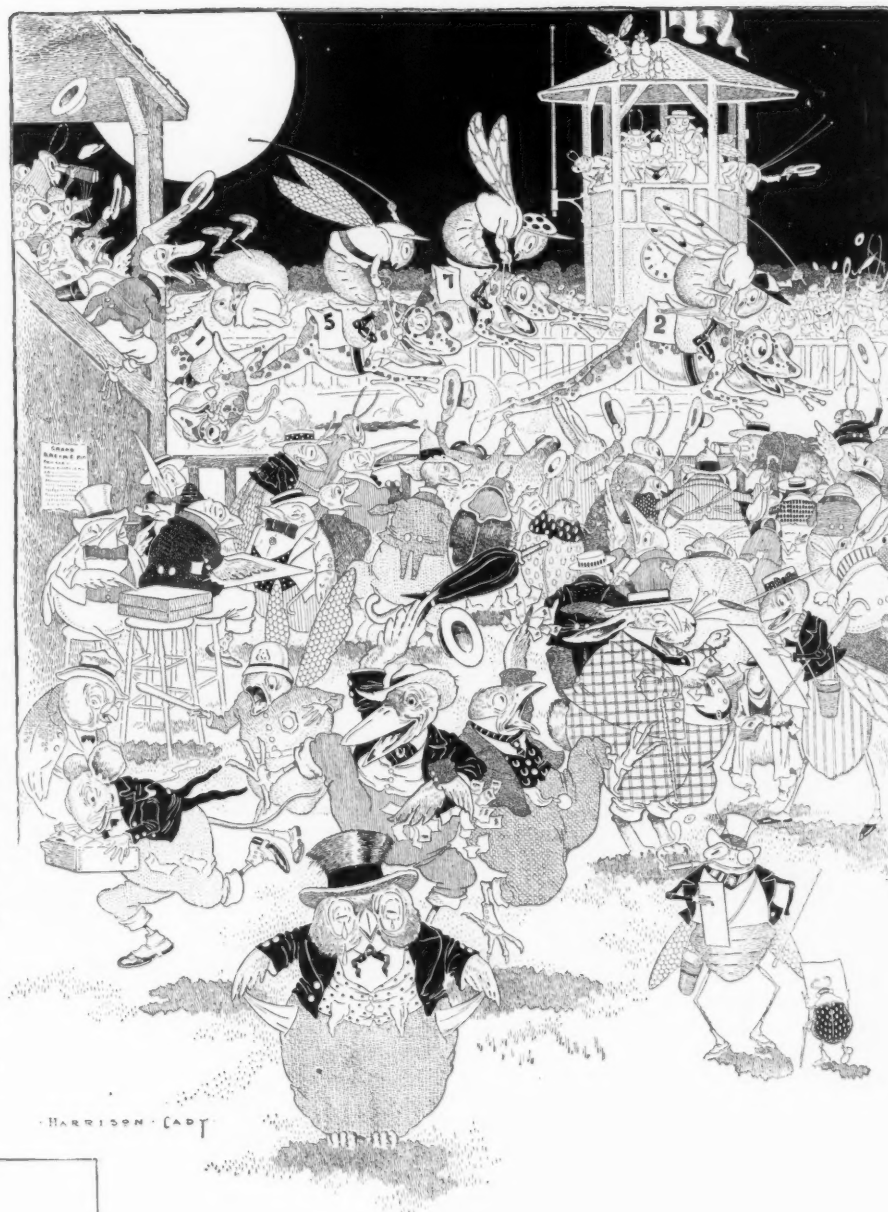
Ye editor, while crossing the avenue, was run over by an automobile and much shaken up. Later, Reggie called at the office and apologized. We bear no malice, as we recognize we have no rights.

Salary reducing contest in Equitable building today. Everybody invited.

Uncle Russell Sage appeared the other day in a brand-new pair of 25c. suspenders. Go slow, Uncle. The market is likely to tighten any moment.

Ducks are coming in. Several trainloads arrived yesterday from summer resorts.

Clam chowder at the Waldorf Saturday night.



THE RACING SEASON IN BEETLEBURGH.

GREENFROG WINS THE GOOSEBERRY STAKES BY A HOP.



NOSE HIS BUSINESS.

Quick Work.

"WHEN his rich wife died she left him all her money."

"What—did she die so soon after the wedding as that?"

WOODMAN, hack that tree!
Spare not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me

And (in accordance with the modern custom of cutting down all the trees possible, wherever there is a chance of making any profit) I'll destroy it now!

No Difference.

O H, woman, in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
In all the other hours we name
Also, why, you are just the same.

**Diary of an Auto.**

13th. I'm sold at last! Hope I won't be disappointed in my owner. He seems a quiet, self-contained chap. I heard him tell his wife to-day that he got me just to run about town in. He said he didn't believe in making a public nuisance of himself.

14th. My owner is delighted with me. But he is certainly not a swift proposition. Why, he just pokes me along.

15th. Went a little faster to-day. Owner is beginning to forget himself.

16th. This morning I broke down. Lost one of my differential pins. Owner crazy. I'm glad it happened, as everything like this gets on his nerves, and makes him easier to manage.

18th. Delayed this morning by one

of my tires getting punctured. In consequence of which, owner had to make up time on the way home. Say! maybe I can't go!

20th. I'm glad to say that owner is beginning to get reckless. I knew that when I got my fine work on his temperament I could make him forget himself. I break down every once in a while, on purpose, so that when I do happen to work right, the reaction makes him fierce for speed.

21st. Arrested to-day! Didn't amount to anything, however, as the new law states that there must be another witness besides the policeman. I tell you, we had the laugh on that chap. My owner was frightened at first, and swore he'd be more careful, but when he saw how easy it was to get off and evade the law, he laughed at it.

22d. I'll bet I went fifty miles an hour to-day. It was great! I must have frightened at least twenty people, including women and children, besides running over no end of animals. Owner is a different man since he got me. Can't keep still a minute!

23d. It's all over! I'm a back number! Me to the scrap-yard now! To-day I was run over by a locomotive. Owner in hospital. I heard him say, as they carried him off, "I deserve it all." Well, perhaps he did. But after all, the authorities let us do it. I'll be hanged if I don't think they even encouraged us.



"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT,
TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE."

Our Guess.

A YOUNG woman was found, on August 12th, in the Riverside Park. Some one had shot her. She gave a name to the police which she admitted was not hers. She wore a ring that bore the letters "D. L. W." They were the initials of her real name, she said. But D. L. W. stands for the road of anthracite. Of course her real name was Phoebe Snow.

What a smart girl!

"THERE goes a member of the United States Senate."
"Out on bail?"



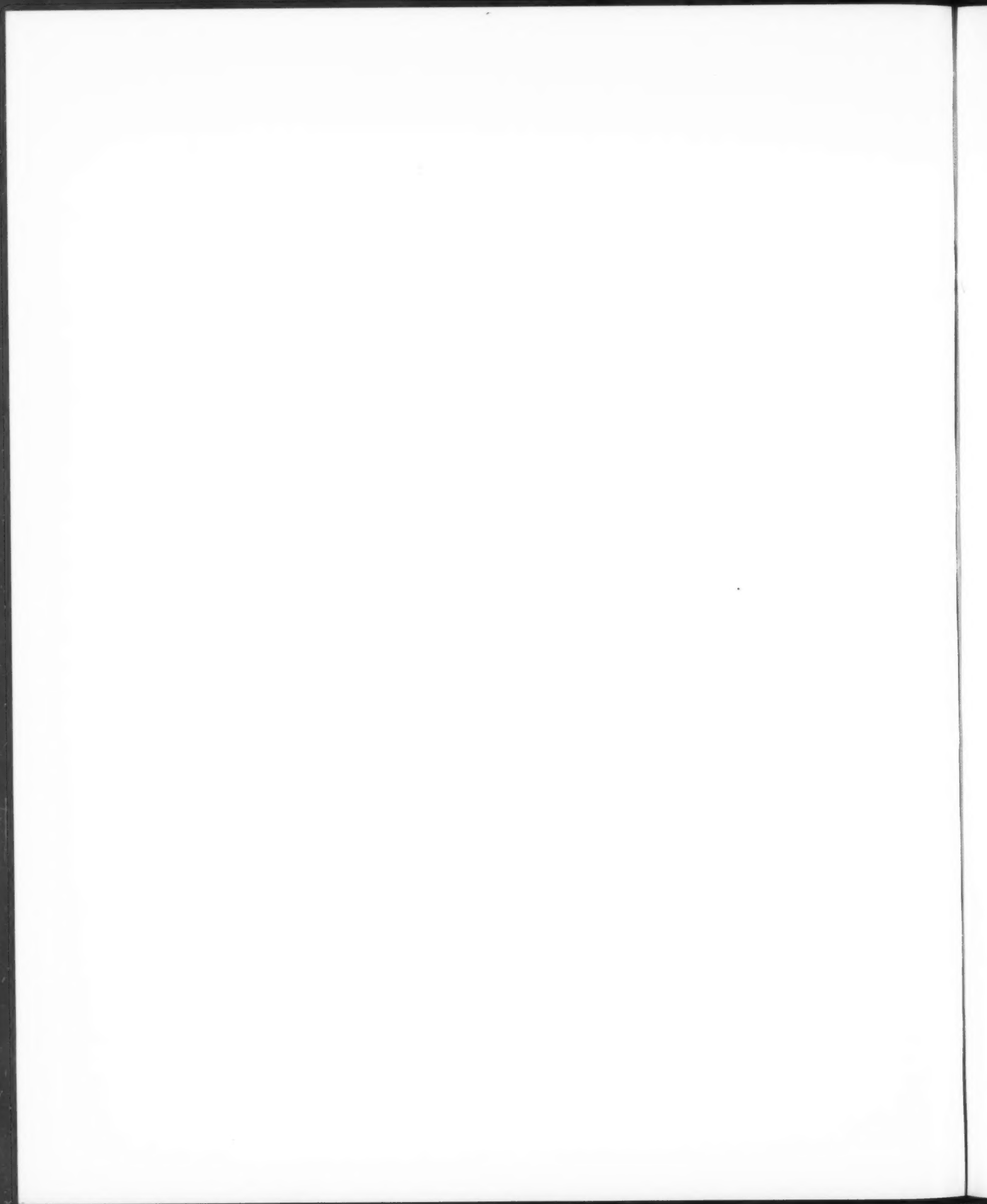
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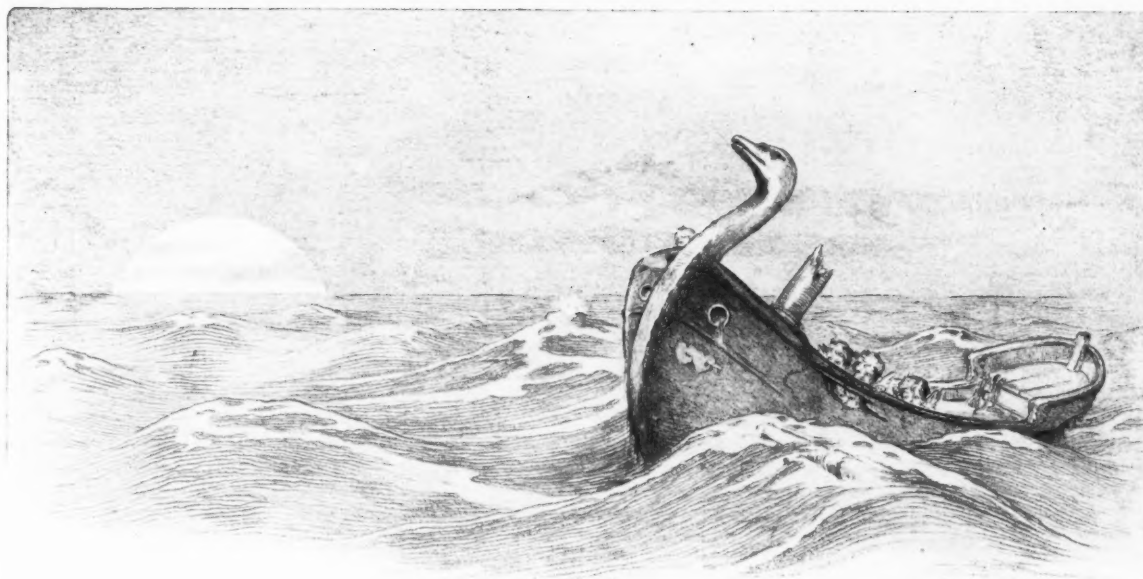
THE ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

LIFE

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A DANGEROUS DERELICT.



A Suggestion.

HE scoundrels and the scalawags
Of ways corrupt and sin;
The toppers with financial jags,
Blackmailers with their social tags,
And all the other slimy "blags"
Are being gathered in.

Were it not well, say now and then,
Nor wholly out of place,
For one newspaper out of ten,
No matter where, no matter when,
To print a list of *honest* men?
It wouldn't take much space.

Carlyle Smith.

Gossip of the Great.

"MY favorite position when composing?" replied Mr. Fontaine Stilo, lighting both ends of his cigarette—Stilo is an absent-minded genius—"Always in the bath-tub; and I exercise the nicest (note my correct use of this adjective)—the nicest care in maintaining the proper degree of temperature, namely, 69 degrees, for if it falls or rises, good work becomes an impossibility. Between you and me, I attribute the low sales of 'Cranberry' to my carelessness with the thermometer."

Mrs. Spilgood Spelmeyer, author of "Buckwheat Honey," and "The Rubbish Heap," is a strong partisan of the

Vertical Handwriting Association, and has lately written a monograph to prove that the decadence of the novel is due to the prevalence among literary folk of the typewriter habit.

James Whackerdown Eniway, whose sociological study, "The Nearest Drink," has made him a life member, with privileges, of the National Bar-keeps Amalgamation, is now investigating the conditions of the district messengers. Mr. Eniway has become a Western Union boy, and may be distinguished by his number, 5,842, and by his height, six feet four inches.

With reference to her latest novel, "If She Couldn't Help It, Why Did She Do It?" Rose Licha Streek has dictated the following to her Third Assistant Stenographer General:

"The idea for this Tale came to me most unexpectedly. I was out shopping, and slipped on a banana peel. As I descended, the thought surged over me:

"I wonder whether I shall (or will) land gracefully?"

* * *

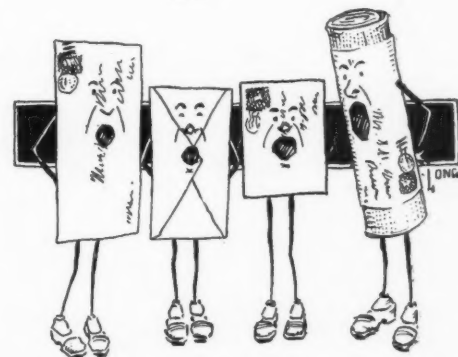
"Just how, I cannot say, but gradually, imperceptibly, my Little Book grew as the result of this incident."

Dr. Pater Forall, the eminent child-student and psychologist, recently told this story at the annual dinner of the Thinkalotte Club:

"The University had sent out to 48,959 school children the subtle *questionnaire*: 'What would you do if Somebody should give you a fifty-cent piece?' To our amazement, just 47,321 answers read: 'I'd bite it.'"

Henry Hurriuppe Quick, who is now hard at work on his eighty-ninth novel, "The Saimole Plot," invariably composes on a linotype machine.

Vincent Van Marter Beede.



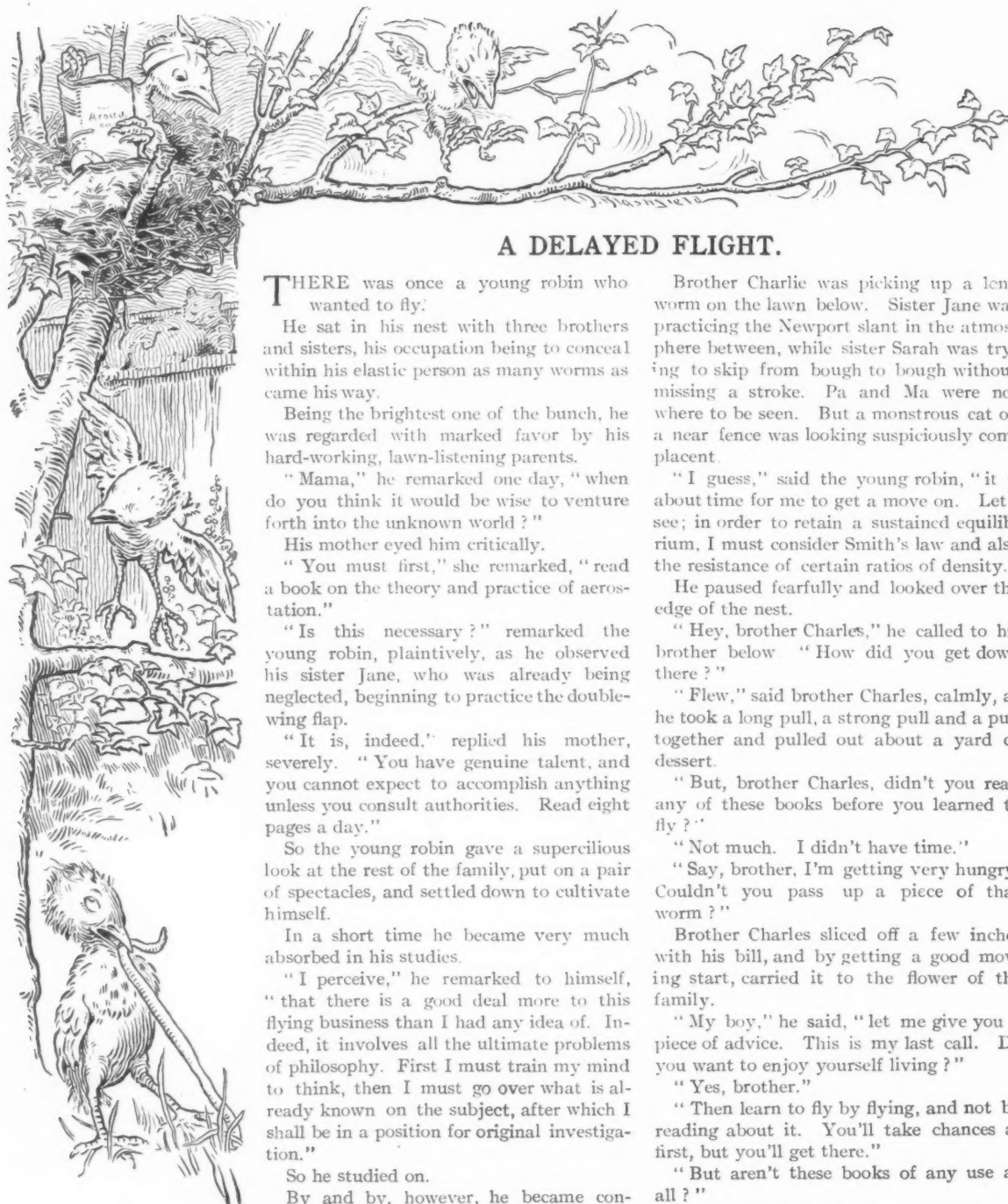
A MAIL QUARTETTE.



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SISTER'S BEAU





A DELAYED FLIGHT.

THERE was once a young robin who wanted to fly.

He sat in his nest with three brothers and sisters, his occupation being to conceal within his elastic person as many worms as came his way.

Being the brightest one of the bunch, he was regarded with marked favor by his hard-working, lawn-listening parents.

"Mama," he remarked one day, "when do you think it would be wise to venture forth into the unknown world?"

His mother eyed him critically.

"You must first," she remarked, "read a book on the theory and practice of aerostation."

"Is this necessary?" remarked the young robin, plaintively, as he observed his sister Jane, who was already being neglected, beginning to practice the double-wing flap.

"It is, indeed," replied his mother, severely. "You have genuine talent, and you cannot expect to accomplish anything unless you consult authorities. Read eight pages a day."

So the young robin gave a supercilious look at the rest of the family, put on a pair of spectacles, and settled down to cultivate himself.

In a short time he became very much absorbed in his studies.

"I perceive," he remarked to himself, "that there is a good deal more to this flying business than I had any idea of. Indeed, it involves all the ultimate problems of philosophy. First I must train my mind to think, then I must go over what is already known on the subject, after which I shall be in a position for original investigation."

So he studied on.

By and by, however, he became conscious of a gone feeling inside. He also became aware that he had more space outside.

He looked up and found he was alone.

Brother Charlie was picking up a long worm on the lawn below. Sister Jane was practicing the Newport slant in the atmosphere between, while sister Sarah was trying to skip from bough to bough without missing a stroke. Pa and Ma were nowhere to be seen. But a monstrous cat on a near fence was looking suspiciously complacent.

"I guess," said the young robin, "it is about time for me to get a move on. Let's see; in order to retain a sustained equilibrium, I must consider Smith's law and also the resistance of certain ratios of density."

He paused fearfully and looked over the edge of the nest.

"Hey, brother Charles," he called to his brother below. "How did you get down there?"

"Flew," said brother Charles, calmly, as he took a long pull, a strong pull and a pull together and pulled out about a yard of dessert.

"But, brother Charles, didn't you read any of these books before you learned to fly?"

"Not much. I didn't have time."

"Say, brother, I'm getting very hungry. Couldn't you pass up a piece of that worm?"

Brother Charles sliced off a few inches with his bill, and by getting a good moving start, carried it to the flower of the family.

"My boy," he said, "let me give you a piece of advice. This is my last call. Do you want to enjoy yourself living?"

"Yes, brother."

"Then learn to fly by flying, and not by reading about it. You'll take chances at first, but you'll get there."

"But aren't these books of any use at all?"

Brother Charles leaned up against the bark and smiled wisely.

"Sure!" he observed. "Throw 'em at that cat."

Tom Masson.



"THE BITER BIT."

The Temple of the Social Inanities.

WHAT makes life such a silly sell
And such a grind eternal?
Most people crack shell after shell
And quite forget the kernel.

Easy Compositions.

My Little Melon.

BY CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

I CAME from Peekskill on the Hudson. For the past few years I've been drawing a salary in New York, though now, I'm sorry to say, it has stopped, just because a lot of the boys I know who had such a good thing wouldn't play together without fighting. So now I suppose we'll have to begin life over again. You see it was all because two boys named Hyde and Alexander didn't know when they were well off. One day they stole a watermelon from a patch they had been put to

mind and they got fighting as to who was to have the larger share. Then a lot of us other boys who had also been stealing watermelons came up and some of the old farmers got after us with pitchforks and we scattered and ran, and I guess it wasn't quite such an equitable proceeding as they thought it would be. I thought I was perfectly safe with my little melon, because while I loved to talk about everything else I never even whispered about that, but a farmer named Hendricks caught me and gave me a good wallop, and even threatened to send me to a reform school. But I guess that was only a bluff, although I don't know now but what they'll make me pay more for that melon than it cost me. It seems too bad, doesn't it? When all I did was to take what the other boys were perfectly willing I should have. But this is a wicked world, and we never can really tell when we will get found out.

Capable and Alarming.

PERCY: I'm afraid of Miss Isabel
Guy: Why?

"Oh, she looks at me as if she could make me propose if I were left alone with her."



"IN YOUR FRENCH PRONUNCIATION THE NASAL TONES ARE TOO WEAK."

"NO WONDER! LOOK AT THE DISTANCE THEY HAVE TO TRAVEL."



Drawn by J. M. Flagg.

BUT LET US KNOW WHEN.

IF YOU'RE OUT OF IDEAS HOW TO ENTERTAIN FRIENDS,
A SERVICE TO YOU WE WOULD RENDER—
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BOTH NOVEL AND SMART,
GIVE A LUNCH ON A TROLLEY CAR FENDER.



LET no admirer of Maurice Hewlett miss the latest and in many ways the most delightful of his writings, *The Fool Errant*. To wander on the open road through eighteenth century Italy with Quixotic, bungling, lovable Francis Strelley and Virginia, most ingenuous of philosophers and most innocent of the worldly-wise, to laugh at their predicaments and envy the wisdom of their folly, is a pleasure no page of which one is willing to forego.

It is likely that without the name of Algernon Charles Swinburne on the title page, *Love's Cross Currents* would pass unnoticed in the procession of current fiction; for while the author's humorous and often capital sketching of a set of fluid and watery characters is matched by his happy mastery of English, a situation already sufficiently tangled and cobwebby is broken up by the story's being told by correspondence, and the realistic garrulousness of old Lady Midhurst's letters will try the patience of more than the nieces and grandsons to whom they are addressed.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has command upon occasion of a style at once controlledly lurid and effectively rough-hewn, a style which is ideal for the treatment of such matter as he has to deal with in *The Sunset Trail*. This is a series of incidents taken from the career of that equally lurid, rough-hewn and effective American citizen, Mr.

"Bat" Masterson, when he was Sheriff of Dodge and before, and if a somewhat bloody, is none the less a thoroughly engrossing volume.

The interest of a short story may center either upon character, upon action, or upon the more or less skillful playing with a situation in itself either improbable or impossible, and the nineteen stories which W. S. Gidley publishes in *A Dicker in Souls* belong to the latter order. Most of them are based upon a potentially effective idea, but the discrepancy is so great between the indicated horse-power of these motifs and that actually developed that one doubts if the collection will "go."

A short story which does not work out well, however, has the advantage that it is soon done with, whereas a novel founded on a fantastic idea which misses fire is a serious matter to readers with conscientious scruples against turning back from the literary plow. *The Storm of London* is a story which such steadfast persons will do we'll not to begin. It seems to have been suggested by Carlyle's saying that "clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes screens of us," and describes London society suddenly deprived of clothing, a subject which might be humorous or might be risqué, but which H. Dicksberry has made dull.

The underlying spirit of F. L. Pattee's novel, *The House of the Black Ring*, is that of good, wholesome, old-fashioned melodrama, a thing for which most of us have an occasional relish. A story of a secluded valley in the "Dutch belt" of Pennsylvania, well written, although in places a trifle strained to introduce descriptions of local customs, the book is both a vivid picture and an entertaining story.

Heretofore, as the author of *Good Form for Men* feelingly points out, "the great majority of books upon social convention have been



"YOUR HONOR, I WILL DEPOSIT A FEW HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS FOR FINES. MY CHAUFFEUR CAN'T RUN LESS THAN FIFTY MILES AN HOUR, AND IT'S A BEASTLY ANNOYANCE TO COME HEAH EVERY TIME WE'RE ARRESTED."

written by women for the benefit of women," which doubtless explains some of the things one sees. Mr. Harcourt has undertaken to change all that. He is kind but firm. The office hours of the frock coat, the social status of the cutaway, the inherent incompatibility of detachable cuffs and top-hats are codified and explained. Unfortunately the book is a little large to be carried about for handy reference and will have to be studied nights.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Love's Cross Currents. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Sunset Trail. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

A Dicker in Souls. By Will S. Gidley. (The M. W. Hazen Company.)

The Storm of London. By H. Dicksberry. (Herbert B. Turner and Company. \$1.50.)

The House of the Black Ring. By F. L. Pattee. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Good Form for Men. By Charles Harcourt. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

SHE: My husband is a Healer.
HE: Ward or Christian Science?

Yet Another.

GREAT results are at last coming from vivisection. We see, from a speech reported in the London *Abolitionist*, that there is now not only a serum to arrest the advance of old age, but one to cure fatigue, "obtained by fatiguing a poor dog on a sort of



Mr. Bug: ISN'T YOUR WIFE A LITTLE FLY?

Mr. Fly: WELL, I SURELY WOULD NEVER MARRY A LARGE FLY.



He: WE FELL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER AT FIRST SIGHT. DIDN'T WE, DARLING?
She: YES, DEAREST, BUT I AM ALMOST POSITIVE I SAW YOU FIRST.

treadmill until it drops down wearied and nearly dead, and then expressing juice from its muscles, which is forthwith injected into the veins of a horse, whose blood is finally drawn off to be afterwards pumped into human beings

under the name of anti-toxin, so as to invigorate them when they are tired out!"

Up-to-date medical research is full of surprises—especially when based on vivisection.



CAME WITHOUT CALLING.

A Cincinnati man was describing the dinner in London that admitted Joseph H. Choate to the society of the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

"Mr. Choate was in his best mood," he said. "With epigrams, witticisms and anecdotes he kept the table in a continuous roar."

"Perhaps he made the most telling impression with a story about an impoverished young Irish gentleman, the Hon. Denis Bellew."

"He said that Mr. Bellew, driven forth by poverty from his father's estate, went to London to seek his fortune. He seemed to be buried in London. Nothing was heard of him for several years."

"He had been a gay, convivial blade, and in the little home village he was missed. There was not a poacher or a roysterer within ten miles that hadn't a soft spot for Denis in his heart."

"Word one day passed about that up at the castle news had been received of Denis. The village at once became excited, and a deputation of a half-dozen or so was soon on its way to see the old lord."

"My lord," said the spokesman, "is it true ye've gotten news o' yer son, Mr. Denis?"

"Aye, true enough. News at last, boys," said his lordship.

"Faith, then, an' phwat might the bhoey be doin' up in London?" was the next question.

"He has been called to the bar," the lord answered, proudly.

"The deputation looked at one another, for the phrase was new to them. Finally, in a loud whisper, one said:

"O! don't know what that manes; but from what Oi remember of the bhoey, he didn't want no callin'." —*Minneapolis Journal*.

MERCY.

It was a broiling hot day in the park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a costermonger.

Twice she commanded him to leave her, but still he followed just behind.

At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily round and said:

"Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked:

"For goodness' sake, mum, have mercy and don't call a policeman, for ye're the on'y shady spot in the park." —*Tit-Bits*.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES," said an inventor, "used to be continually besieged by cranks with pneumatic rapid firing guns, subterranean rifles, dirigible war balloons and such like martial inventions. The General would weed these cranks out with admirable speed."

"I sat in his office with him one day when a servant brought in a card."

"Oh, send him in," said General Miles. "His business won't take more than a minute or two."

"So in came a wild-eyed, long-haired man, twisting his soft hat nervously in both hands."

"General," he said, "I have here"—and he took



THE DAILY MENU

AN OLD MAN AT DINNER IN MICH.,
EXCLAIMED, "HERE'S THAT MEASLY OLD FISH;
IT MAKES ME SO MAD
TO SEE THAT SAME SHAD,
THAT I THINK I'LL HIDE THE FISH DISH."

out a small parcel—a bullet-proof army coat. If the Government would adopt this—"

"Put it on. Put it on," said General Miles, and he rang the bell. The servant appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat.

"Jones," said the General, "tell the Captain of the guard to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball and cartridge and—"

"Excuse me, General. I forgot something," interrupted the inventor, and with a hunted look he disappeared." —*The Independent*.

SWEETS NOT TO THE SWEET.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a bee hive; it's a bathroom!" —*New York Sun*.

ONE ON THE CONDUCTOR.

Colonel Sanders was a passenger on one of the Montana railroads at one time. He had the annual pass on the road, but on this occasion he had left it at home. He had traveled the same route many times before and was well known to the conductor. When that official came around for the tickets, the Colonel told him of his forgetfulness. The conductor, however, was obdurate; he must have ticket or money. The Colonel, rather than have a scene, finally pulled out a \$5 bill, which was ample to cover the expenses of his trip. It was a very ragged affair—all torn and pasted.

"That's a fine looking bill to give me," growled the conductor.

Colonel Sanders was by this time thoroughly nettled.

"Well," he cried, in a voice that could be heard all over the car, "if you don't like it, turn it in to the company."

The laugh that went up was at the expense of the conductor. —*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

THE appeal of our own city missionary for his Fresh Air Fund leads the writer to still another Fresh Air Fund, which has been carried along for considerable many years by the publishers of the *New York Life*. It is most generally known that this public spirited paper has for several seasons maintained a country estate which has been named "Life's Farm," where a great many poor children are annually carried from the cities to get a breath of fresh air and a romp in the wide fields.

There are naturally a great many demands upon the purse strings at summer time for charities sake, but any money contributed for this well established cause is money well invested. —*Boston Budget and Beacon*.

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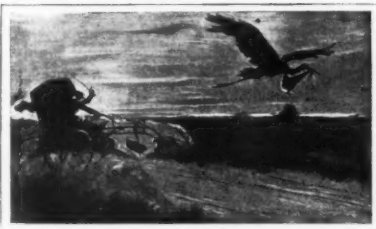
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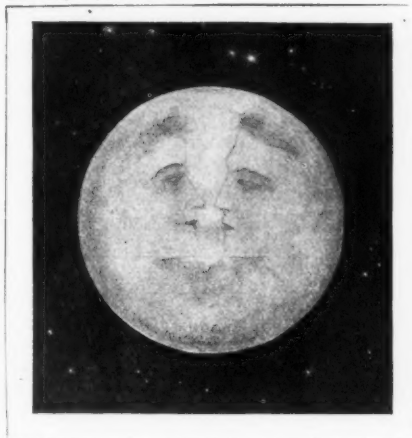
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LOVE'S LAUGH.

Love laughs at locksmiths as of yore,
Love laughs at rank and caste
And at the knot the preacher ties
To make so firm and fast.

Love laughs at old restrictions and
Love gladly smiles because
In spite of all the talk there still
Are South Dakota laws.

Love laughs at locks, Love laughs at bars,
Love laughs at greed and spite,
Love laughs because the justice hears
When people knock at night.

But most of all Love gaily laughs
Because if, now and then,
He chance to be mistaken he
Can try, try again.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE PRIDE OF LONG DESCENT.

"Oh, yes," she said, proudly, "we can trace
our ancestry back to—to—well, I don't know who,
but we've been descending for centuries."—*San Francisco Town Talk.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient
guests.

A DIFFICULT POSITION.

Two Irishmen were crossing a bog when one of
them fell into a mud hole. His companion, running
to a nearby farm-house, asked the loan of a spade.

"What do you want it for?" asked the farmer.

"Sure, Mike is stuck in the bog, and I want to
dig him out," was the answer.

"How far in is he sunk?" questioned the farmer.

"Up to his ankles."

"Begorra, then he can easy walk out."

"Begorra, he can't," exclaimed Pat, "he's in
wrong end up."—*Harper's Weekly.*

IRELAND'S BEST

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

HIS PREFERENCE.

VISITOR: Have you nothing better to do than sit
on the fence and watch the train go by?

NATIVE: Wal, stranger, it's better'n to sit on the
train and watch the fence go by.—*New York Sun.*

AN EPIGRAM THAT WILL WEAR.

District Attorney Jerome of New York is the
author of the best epigram yet put forth on the sub-
ject of frenzied finance. Speaking of the performances
of Hyde as first vice-president of the Equitable Life,
Mr. Jerome remarks: "I consider Mr. Hyde an ex-
cellent type of the second generation." The dude is
a worse peril than the tramp.—*Lewiston (Me.) Jour-
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"Triumphantly, Johnson. At the first trial the
jury disagreed. At the second trial my lawyers found
a flaw in the indictment, and the case was thrown out
of court."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "I'm on my
way dere now. De trouble is dat when I'm in New
York I hear about a job dat I kin git in 'Frisco. An'
by de time I gits to 'Frisco I finds de job is taken
an' I hears of another one in New York."—*Wash-
ington Star.*

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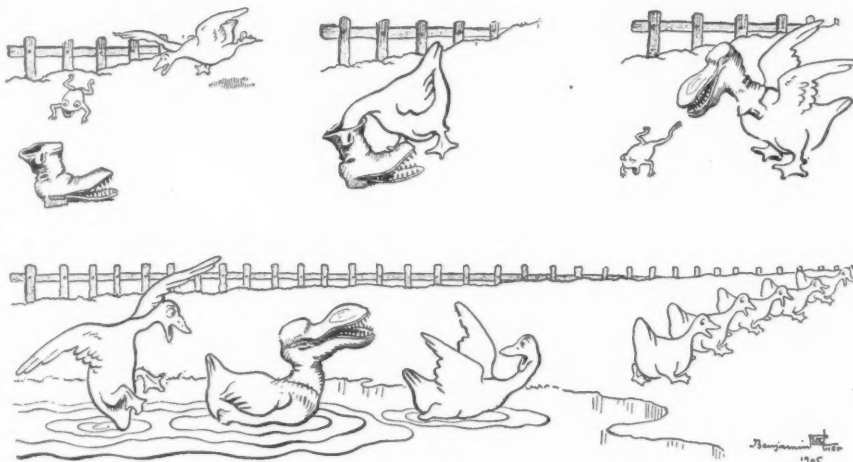
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—From Journal Amusant.

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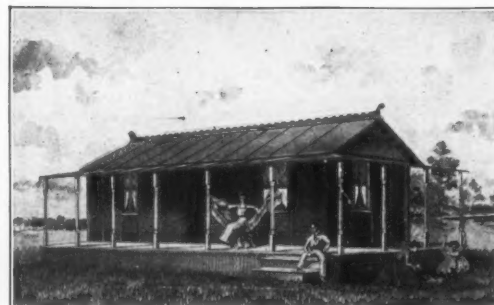
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Definition of an Orphan.

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up, and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."—*Exchange.*

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"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter," said Bobby, "but then just in time I remembered: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."—*The Independent.*

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PRISONER: Yes, your honor. Will you please send word to my wife not to wait dinner for me?—*Translated for Tales from "Fliegende Blätter."*

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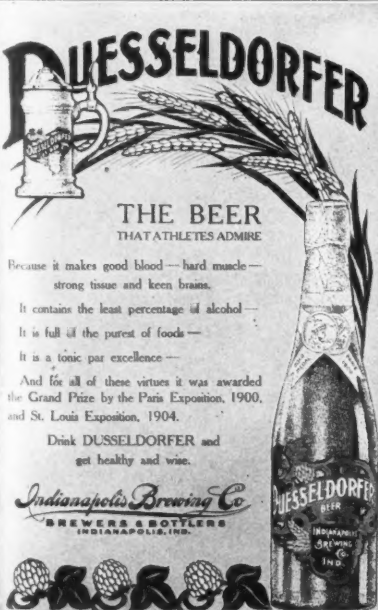
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Would Feel It Later.

At a dance out in Westport a few nights ago was a very tall young man. During the evening he had a waltz with a girl at least two feet shorter than himself. It was warm, and after they had danced a little while she suggested that they go out and sit down in the yard.

"Are you very warm?" he asked, looking down at her as they walked across the lawn.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "It's absolutely hot down here. How is it up there?"

He smiled. "Why," he said, "I'm cool. It's raining a little up here. You'll feel it down there after a while"—*Kansas City Times*.

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"It's jes' dat foolishness 'bout hurtin' my feelin's and 'specting my age dat's made de trouble," said the janitor, gloomily. "In old times I use' to get a quarter mos' eb'ry time for 'Ole Woolly,' an' ten cents from de fo'wo-man when she'd blowed me up, an' five cents when one o' de little cash-gals had been sassy. I cyan't afford to stay in a place where dere's gwine to be any sech foolish idee's 'bout savin' my feelin's and my self-'spects, sah. I'm a-losin' money too fast!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT TO NEW YORK EDITOR: Politicians caught, but no reputations among them to blast.—*New York Times*.

Shrewd Move.

MRS. FOX: Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley.

Mr. Fox: What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must object.

"Nonsense! Are you out of your mind?"

"Not at all, but if we don't kick a little the Roxleys will think we don't amount to much and they'll probably call it all off."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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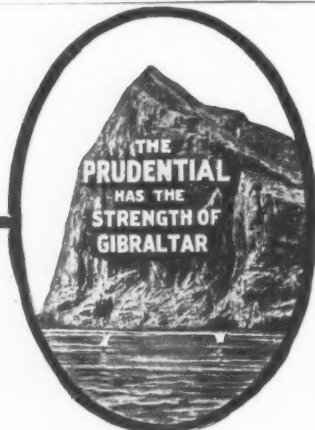
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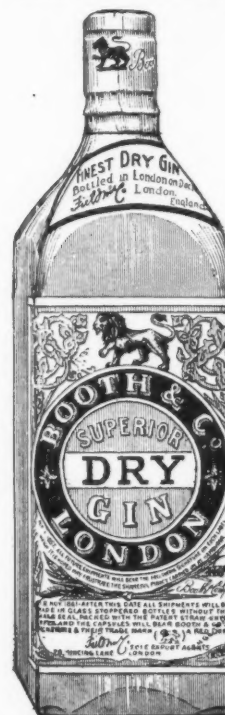
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